

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT  
SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

JAMES BARNABY, Jr., General Agent.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, } EDITORS.  
J. ELIZABETH JONES, }

PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.—Samuel Brooke,  
James Barnaby, Jr., David L. Gallbreath,  
Lot Holmes.

Massachusetts Legislature.

REPORT OF MR. KEYES ON THE  
MEXICAN WAR.

(Continued.)

Horrors of the War.

Such is the origin of this war, and such are its objects. But there are other points of view in which it has not yet been regarded. In estimating its character, we cannot be blind to the sufferings which it has caused, not only in Mexico but in our own country. No hostile footstep has yet approached any portion of our soil; no smoke of our enemy's camp has been seen within our borders. But sorrow unspeakable has visited many homes. Brave officers have been cut down in the flower of life; the wounded and dead have been left together on the battle-field. But climate has been more fatal even than the bullet or sword. Many who left their homes in all the pride of hope and wealth, now sleep the last sleep, in the foreign soil which they had invaded, without having met a foe. Many, also, have shrunk from the service. It appears, from a communication of the adjutant general of the United States, that, of the 703 officers, and 13,995 non-commissioned officers and privates, making an aggregate of volunteer forces under Gen. Taylor of 16,698 men, there had been discharged, up to the 7th December, 6,797.

It is sad to know that demoralization of all kinds has crept into the camp; though it could not be expected that such considerable bodies of men, away from the restraints of civil society, and stimulated by vicious companionship, could escape this condition.—Murder, assassination and rapine, have occurred among our own soldiers, who, like the armed men that sprang from the dragon's teeth, in the classical fable, have more than once striven in deadly quarrel, with each other.

The warring elements have also mingled with the bad passions of men, and shipwreck has added to the losses and sufferings of our people—relieved, however, by the precious sympathies which, in this time of peril, were extended by strangers.

But who can measure the trials of the unfortunate Mexicans? Battle has raged in their corn-fields, on the banks of their rivers, and in their streets. Not soldiers only—steeled to the hardships of war—but women and children, have felt its aggravated horrors.—Houses in whose shelter should live only the domestic virtues, have been converted into castles, and attacked and defended with fatal ferocity. American cannon have been pointed at a bishop's palace; shells, filled with death, have been sprinkled among innocent inhabitants of more than one Mexican city; while the brutal lusts and unrestrained lawlessness of soldiers have added to the miseries of battle and siege.

Cost of the War.

Nor should we be indifferent to the enormous expenditures which have already been lavished upon the war, and the accumulating debt which will hold in mortgage the future resources of the country. It is impossible to estimate the exact amount of these. At this moment, the cost of the war can be less than seventy millions. It may be a hundred millions.

This sum is so vast as to be beyond easy comprehension. It may be estimated, partly, by reference to the cost of other objects of interest. It is far more than all the funds for common schools throughout the United States. It is ample for the endowment of three or more institutions, like Harvard College, in every State. It would plant churches in all the neglected valleys in the land. It would bind and interlace every part of the country by new railroads. It would make our broad and rude soil blossom like a garden. And it, in an auspicious moment, it were diverted from the work of destruction in Mexico to the noble charity of succoring distressed Ireland, it would carry certain comfort to a whole people, now in the pangs of famine.

Unconstitutionality of the War.

The war should not fail, also, to be regarded in the light of the Constitution. And here we must be brief. The stages by which the country has reached it, have been as unconstitutional as its objects. First—Texas was annexed by joint resolutions of Congress, in violation of the Constitution. Second—The President, in undertaking to order Gen. Taylor, without the consent of Congress, to march upon territory in the possession of Mexico, assumed a power which belongs to Congress alone. To Congress had been committed the dread thunderbolt of war. "Congress shall have power to declare war," are the words of the Constitution. But the President has usurped the most terrible authority. His order to Gen. Taylor was an unauthorized act of war. Third—As a war of conquest, and for the extension of slavery, it is contrary to the principle of our Constitution, which, according to the words of the preamble, was formed "to provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Such a war as that in which we are now engaged, can find no sanction in these words; it is not for the common defense nor to secure the blessings of liberty. Fourth—As a war to strengthen the "Slave Power," it is also unconstitutional. Thus it may be branded as a fourfold infraction of the fundamental law of the land.

Criminality of the War.

And it is also a violation of the fundamental law of Heaven, of that great law of Right, which is written by God's own finger on the heart of man. His Excellency said nothing beyond the Truth when, in his message, he declared that "an offensive and unnecessary war was the highest crime which a man can commit against society."

It is so; for all the demons of Hate are then let loose in mad and causeless earnest. Misrule usurps the place of order, and out-

# ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. 2.—NO. 46.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 98.

rage of all kinds stalks "unwhipt of justice." An unjust and unnecessary war is the dismally offspring of national insensibility, steeping the conscience in forgetfulness, and unkneeling the foul brood of murder, rapine, and rape. How then must we regard the acts in the present war? Have they any extenuation beyond the sanction of morals, like ourselves, who have rashly undertaken to direct them? The war is a crime, and all who have participated in the blood of its well-fought fields have aided in its perpetration. It is a principle of military law, that the soldier shall not question the orders of his superior. If this shall exonerate the army from blame, it will be only to press with accumulated weight upon the government, which has set in motion this terrible and irresponsible machine.

*The True House of the Country.*

It is certainly more than doubtful, whether any true honor can be achieved, even in the successful prosecution of such a war. The victories of injustice can never be sources of gratulation or pride. The sympathies of good men cannot be surrendered to acts of wrong. The heart of all Americans beats responsive to the brave but vain efforts of the Poles, to save their unhappy country from dismemberment; nor can we dwell with satisfaction upon Russian valor, triumphant in a war of apoplexy. Perhaps the partialities of patriotism may prevent us from applying to our own conduct, the stern judgment which we award to foreign aggression; but we cannot hesitate in recognizing justice, whether in individuals or nations, as an essential element in every act worthy of true honor. Nor can perseverance in wrong be a duty, under any circumstances, either with individuals or nations. Its abandonment may sometimes cost a struggle of worldly pride, but it is required alike by considerations of justice and magnanimity. In retreating from positions of error, true honor is to be earned, greater far than any success in unjust war.

*Duty to arrest the War.*

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to the country, by earnest efforts to arrest the present war. It is unbecoming a Christian people to plunge farther in crime; nor can any just sentiment of patriotism sanction what Christian disowns. We have been told to seek an honorable peace by the sword.

Our own efforts have also failed to arrest the war.

Such an opportunity of honor is now open to

are evidently due Capt. Judkins, the accomplished commander of the steam-packet *Cambridge*, for his manly, independent and courteous treatment of our esteemed friend and eloquent advocate of emancipation and the rights of man, F. Douglass, on his recent return passage from England.

The above resolutions, together with those upon the Mexican war and the church, were discussed by the Rev. Mr. Russell, of Hingham, C. L. Remond, Wm. H. Chapman, P. Pillsbury and W. Phillips, and unanimously adopted.

Adjourned *sine die*.

**FREDERICK DOUGLASS,**

President,

**Salem, May, Jr.,** *Secretaries.*

*From the New York "Ram's Horn,"*

*Letter from Mr. Douglass.*

My Dear Sir— \* \* \* \* \* Blow away on your "Ram's Horn"! It is wild, rough, uncultivated notes may grate harshly on the ear of refined and cultivated *chimers*; but sure I am that its voice will be pleasurable to the slave, and terrible to the slaveholder. Let us have a full, clear, shrill, unmistakable sound, "No compromise—no concealment—no lagging for those who carry no "sails" for popular favor—no lowering your tone for the sake of harmony. The language of this country is discord with the Almighty. To be in harmony with God is to be in open discord and conflict with the powers of Church and State in this country. Both are drunk on the warm blood of our brethren. "Blow on—blow on," and may the God of the oppressed give effect to your blowing.

Through the kindness of a friend, I have before me the "New-York Sun" of 13th May. It contains a weak, puerile, and characteristic attack upon me, on account of my speech in the Tabernacle, before the American Anti-Slavery Society on the 11th inst. The article in question affords me a text from which I could preach you a long sermon; but I will neither trespass on your space, nor weary the patience of your readers, by treating the article in that way. I do not call attention to it, because I am anxious to defend myself from its malevolent contents, but to congratulate you upon the favorable change in the public mind which it indicates, and to enjoy a little (I trust innocent) sport at the expense of the editor.

We have been laughing at and ridiculed so much, that I am glad, once in a while, to be able to turn the tables on our white brethren. The editor informs his readers, that his object in writing the article is, to protest against "the unmitigated abuse heaped upon our country by the colored man Douglass." Now, who will doubt the patriotism of a man who will venture so much on behalf of his country?—The Sun is truly a patriot. "The colored man Douglass. Well done! Not 'nigger' Douglass—not black, but colored—not monkey, but man—the colored man Douglass.—This, dear sir, is a decided improvement on the old mode of speaking of us. In the brilliant light of the Sun, I am no longer a monkey, but a man—and, henceforth, I may claim to be treated as a man by the "Sun." In order to prepare the patient for the pill, and to prove his title to be regarded an unmixed American, he gilds the most bloody and detestable tyranny with the most holy and beautiful sentiments of liberty. Hear him—*"Freedom of speech in this country should receive the greatest LATITUDE."* This sounds well; but is it not a strange text, from which to preach a sermon in favor of putting down freedom of speech by mob violence? "If men do not speak freely of our institutions, how are we to discover their errors or reform their abuses, should any exist?" A pertinent question, truly, and worthy of the thought and study of the profound and philosophical editor of the "Sun." But now see a nobler illustration of the story of the "cow and the milk pail"—blowing hot and blowing cold, and blowing neither hot nor cold. The editor says—"There is, however, a limit to this very freedom of speech. We cannot be permitted to go into a gentleman's house, accept his hospitality, yet abuse his fare, and we have no right to abuse a country under whose government, we are safely residing, and securely protected."

Here we have it, all reasoned out as plain as logic can make it—the limit of freedom of speech accurately defined. But allow me to throw a little light upon the Sun's logic—if I can do so without entirely spoiling his *simile*. Poor thing, it would be a pity to hurt that. Does it not strike you as being first rate? To my mind, it is the best thing in the whole piece, and lacks only one thing—but this probably makes no difference with the "Sun"—it may be its chief merit) and that is, *likeness*—it lacks *likeness*. A gentleman's house and the government of this country are wholly dissimilar. Let me suggest to him—without meaning any disrespect to you, that a cook shop (a thing which I am surprised he should ever forget) bears a far greater resemblance to the government of this country, than that of a gentleman's house and hospitality. Let cook shop represent Country—Bill of Fare—Bill of Rights; and the "Chief Cook"—Commander-in-Chief. (I fancy I hear the editor say, this looks better.) Enters editor of the "Sun" with a keen appetite. He reads the bill of fare. It contains the name of many palatable dishes.—He asks the cook for soup, he gets "dishes."—For salmon, he gets a serpent; for beef, he gets bull-frogs; for ducks, he gets dogs; for oats, he gets sand; for pepper, he gets powder; and for vinegar, he gets gall; in fact, he gets you the very opposite of everything for which you ask, and which from the bill of fare, and lord-mouthing professors, you had a right to expect. This is just the treatment which the colored people receive in this country at the hand of this government. Its Bill of Rights is to practice towards us a bill of wrongs. Its self-evident truths are self-evident lies. Its majestic liberty, malignant tyranny. The foundation of this government—the great Constitution itself—is nothing more than a compromise with man-stealers, and a cunningly devised complication of falsehoods, calculated to deceive foreign Nations into a belief that this is a free country; at the same time that it pledges the whole Civil, Naval and Military power of the Nation to keep three millions of people in the most abject slavery. He says I abuse a country under whose government I am safely residing, and securely protected. I am neither safely residing nor securely protected in this country. I am living under a government which authorized Hugh Auld to rob me of seven hundred and fifty dollars, and told me if I did not submit, if I resisted this robber, I should be put to death. This is the

protection given to me, and every other colored man from the South, and no one knows this better than the Editor of the New York Sun. And this piece of robbery, the "Sun" calls the *rights* of the Master, and says that the English people recognized those rights by giving me money with which to purchase my freedom. The "Sun" complains that I defend the right of invoking England for the overthrow of American Slavery. Why not receive aid from England to overthrow American Slavery, as well as for Americans to return to England to feed the hungry? Answer me that! What would the "Sun" have said, if the British press had denounced this country for sending a ship-load of grain into Ireland, and denied the right of the American people to sympathize, and succor the afflicted and famine-stricken millions of that unhappy land? What would it have said? "Why, it and the whole American Press would have poured forth one flood of unmixed censure and scathing rebuke. England would have been denounced; the British public would have been branded as murderers. And if England had forbidden Captain Forbes to land his cargo, it might have been regarded just cause for war. And yet the interference in the one case is as justifiable as in the other. My Dear Sir, I have already extended this letter to a much greater length than I at first intended, and will now stop by wishing you every success in your noble enterprise.

Ever yours in our righteous cause,  
**FREDERICK DOUGLASS.**  
*Lynn, Mass. May 18, '47.*

The Connecticut House of Representatives have refused to amend the State Constitution so as to give colored men the privilege of voting. A two-thirds vote was necessary. The question was decided by yeas 142, nays 65—2 short of the requisite number!

**AUSTINBURG, Ash. Co., June 4th.**

**Friends Editors:**—

It greatly rejoices and encourages the friends of humanity to find that to some considerable extent, women are waking up to the subject of human oppression, and feeling that they have something to do directly in the great work of the slave's liberation. It is an omen of good, not only for humanity in general, but for themselves also. Where there is a *will* there is a *way* to render efficient aid to the cause. The following Circular was adopted at the last meeting of our County Society. Will you please give it a place in your columns, and oblige many friends.

B. M. C.

**CIRCULAR.**

We have a system in our country which robs mothers of their children, and children of their parents; a system which robs wives of their husbands, and husbands of their wives; a system which degrades and brutalizes woman, sells her for gold, and destroys the virtuous emotions of her nature; a system which robs man of his manhood and extinguishes that spark of divinity which emanated from the Almighty, when he breathed into him a living soul. We have a system which is drinking out the life blood of liberty, and unless speedily prevented, will soon drain the last drop. We have a system which is subverting the principles of right of our holy religion, that it may the more effectually curse the world. We have a system which to-day chafetizes, brutalizes, and bars Jesus Christ himself, in the person of his poor; "for inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

To perpetuate this system, the whole policy of the government is enlisted. To protect it, the teachings of Him who came "to preach deliverance to the captive"—are wrested from their meaning—and men are taught to believe a lie, that burdens yet more grievous to be borne, may be heaped upon them.

To extend it the treasury of our nation is drained; the life blood of brothers, sons, and fathers is freely spilled; and truth, righteousness and humanity are impiously trampled in the dust.

To cover its hateful deformity, men who minister at the altar in holy things, sacrilegiously defame God their Creator, and Christ the Redeemer of the world.

To sustain it Church and State are united.

Against this combined power we ask you to join with us in attempting its overthrow.

Mothers, will not you labor for its overthrow? Wives, will not you? Sisters will not you? Overwhelming almost is the power against us; but with humanity, justice, and God on our side—more are they which be for us, than they are against us.

As Christians, we ask you in the name of Humanity—in the name of Him who lived and died for man's redemption, we appeal to you—by the better principles of your nature

—by the tenderness of sympathy which bind you to the whole family of man—by the pure principles of the religion of Jesus Christ—by all that is good on Earth or in Heaven,

we ask you to unite with us in attempting the overthrow of a system so vile, so demoralizing, so subversive of the interests and rights of man and the government of God.

Slumber we may—yet the eye of Eternal Justice slumbers not. To-day the death shrieks of an innocent nation are mingling with the dismal groans of the captive in the great prison house of republican Christian America—loudly calling for retribution as they ascend into the curse of the Lord of Sabaoth.

As we hope for peace on earth, and for

Heaven above, let us do what we can to

undo the heavy burdens—to give freedom to the captive—and to extend the principles of love and human brotherhood which Christ came to establish, and which are the foundation stones of His reign, which shall yet ex-

## ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

SALEM, JUNE 18, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—*Edmund Burke.*

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

## Subscription to sustain the Anti-Slavery movement.

That period of the year is now at hand when the old accounts of the Anti Slavery Society are usually settled, and a new beginning made. This year the Annual Meeting will be deferred to a period some months later in the season than heretofore. This will not, however, prevent us from commencing at the usual time the work of the coming year.

The expenses of Douglass, Remond, and Pillsbury, on their Western tour, will not be borne by the East. J. W. Walker, N. N. Selby, Leander O. Hatch, Valentine Nicholson, J. P. Davis, and H. W. Curtis, persons residing in the West, must be sustained in the field, (as well as others who should be pleading the cause of the slave) if we would spread the anti-slavery sentiment and liberate the bondman.

The pledges made, and to be paid within the year which has nearly expired, will, when settled, enable the Society to pay off its liabilities contracted for the past year.

Let us, therefore, commence making our contributions for the year to come, and each one state what he or she will contribute, to be paid either at the Anniversary, or before another year expires.

By adopting this plan we will, when we meet together at the Anniversary, know what to depend upon to sustain the operations of the Society; and those who wish the Lecturer to go forth, scattering the "living coal of truth," upon the "naked heart" of the nation, will signify the extent of that wish by responding to this call.

The subscriptions of each town will be acknowledged separately.

The town of Salem has subscribed towards defraying the expenses of Douglass and Remond \$34.00. The New Lisbon Sewing Circle the amount of Mr. Garrison's expenses on his Western tour—sum indefinite.

East Fairfield,	\$5 70
Unity,	1 87
Columbiana,	6 50
Cool Spring,	25
Lowellville,	13 75
Coterville,	50
Canfield,	6 00
Youngstown,	17 00
Bedford,	1 25
Marlborough,	14 25
Lima,	14 75
Mt. Union,	50
Randolph,	42 00
Deerfield,	6 42

164 74

These subscriptions with the exception of one town are to be paid at or before the Anniversary. After the Anniversary, the amount paid by each individual will be acknowledged separately.

Will not every town where there is a single abolitionist commence a subscription and forward a list of the contributors' names with the amount subscribed by each individual? Let us hear from all. Direct to James Barnaby.

**SAML. BROOKE,**  
*General Agent.*

## EXHIBITIONS.

**HIRAM GILMORE AND HIS PUPILS.**

We wish to call attention to the following list of appointments made by Mr. Gilmore, to be filled in his contemplated tour through the state.

We hope the friends of humanity will do all that is possible, to give these colored children an opportunity of showing that those with a dark skin are as capable as others of cultivation.

Those who have attended the Exhibitions formerly held by Mr. Gilmore's pupils, need not to be told how interesting and entertaining they are. Let such use their influence in getting out good audiences. Their route will be as follows:

Friday, July 2d, Palmyra;

Saturday, 3d, Harveyburgh;

Monday & Tuesday, 5th & 6th, Xenia;

Wednesday, 7th, London;

Thursday & Friday, 8th & 9th, Columbus;

Saturday, 10th, Patterson's meeting-house;

Mon. & Tues., 12th & 13th, Mt. Vernon;

Wednesday, 14th, Oberlin;

Thursday, 15th, 16th & 17th, Oberlin;

Friday & Sat., 18th & 19th, Elyria;

Wed. & Thurs., 21st & 22d, Cleveland;

Friday & Sat., 23d & 24th, Painesville;

Monday, 26th, Ashtabula;

Tuesday, 27th, Jefferson;

Wednesday, 28th, Ashtabula;

Thursday, 29th, Chardon;

Friday & Sat., 30th & 31st, Chagrin Falls;

Mon. & Tues., Aug. 2d & 3d, Ravenna;

Wed. & Thurs., 4th & 5th, Akron;

Friday & Sat., 6th & 7th, Massillon;

Monday, 9th, Wooster;

Tuesday, 10th, Newark;

Wednesday, 11th, Lancaster;

Mon. & Tues., 12th & 13th, Circleville;

Wednesday, 14th, Bloomingburg;

Thursday, 15th, Wilkes-Barre;

Friday, 16th, Yankees

## Individual Responsibility.

In these days, when a belief in organic sin, for which no individual is responsible, is as much a part of the faith of the people of this land, as is the doctrine of the intercession of saints of the Catholic church, it seems necessary frequently to recur to a fact which is almost lost sight of—man's individuality. But few would probably deny its existence in explicit language, yet the great mass of the people do not recognize the doctrine of individual responsibility in its full and legitimate meaning, but make the religious and political organizations of the land, the scapegoats upon which they fasten their most crying sins.

The indulgences of the Church of Rome, pended out in Luther's day by the profligate and notorious Tetzel, did not tend more fully to destroy the popular sense of individual moral accountability, than does the course pursued by many of the most prominent of the religious teachers of this land. Indeed, we can see but little practical difference between the two. Tetzel, for a greater or less sum, gave written permission to the person therein named, to commit certain sins, the Church of Rome assuming the responsibility; teachers of our modern divinity, without any specified pecuniary consideration, divorce the sin from the sinner, and declare that the former may exist without the latter in all cases where the sin is organic in its character. The result of the former system of indulgences was, that the grossest corruption, and wickedness the most vile, pervaded both Church and State; and in these latter days the result of the more modern system of indulgences has been but little if any better.

Slavery and War are at this time the two giant sins of this nation. Both are legalized by the State; both are sanctified by the Church, and both declared to be organic sins, for which no one in particular is responsible. It is true, the slaveholder makes a slave of the free born child, compels him to live in darkness and degradation, coerces him to toil, and treats him in every respect as a brute; but our modern divines say he is not to be censured for doing thus—it is his misfortune to live in a State where slavery is a part of the organic law of the land, and consequently, although a great sin is committed, there is no individual sinner in the case. The tyrant lays this flatteringunction to his soul, he accepts of the indulgence so kindly proffered him by the Protestantism of the 19th century. His crimes are multiplied, the register of the Eternal is more and more crowded with the record of the wrongs he perpetrates; yet his faith in the doctrine of organic sin continues to increase in proportion to the necessity he feels for justification by it.

There is the war with Mexico, a war which is admitted by a large minority, if not an actual majority of the people, to be most infamous both in its origin and progress. Yet hundreds and thousands of such willing, heroic men and money to support it, and why? Because they are taught that this is a case where individual accountability ceases to exist—where the organic nature of the sin throws all responsibility upon the government. General Taylor, it is said, regards the war as unjust and aggressive, yet he has become so much an *organic remain*, or at least so wholly a machine that his individuality is entirely lost; he does not regard himself accountable as a man, but only as a soldier who is bound to obey the orders of his superior, he those orders what they may. And the people, the professed opponents of the war leading, greatly extol the heroism of General Taylor; and although they know he is engaged in a contest which they regard as infamous, burning the villages and sacking the cities of an un

## To Correspondents.

Communications to secure attention must be post paid. The Publishing Committee have been taxed to a most unwarrantable extent the past year, in paying postage on articles, many of which were entirely unfit for publication.

E. Her article will appear soon.

J. J. W. We can furnish the books he desires. Those bound in muslin will be 85 per doz.—in paper, \$3.75.

We think friend W. failed to show what he proposed in the commencement of his communication. We are very happy to learn, however, that he has "firmly resolved not to sustain slavery by any relation whatever, social, religious or political; but to spurn it as the enemy of God and man." It is a matter of rejoicing also that "there are others in Wadsworth, who believe in worshipping God in spirit and in truth, and have no union with slaveholders either in Church or in State, and are not afraid that the Sabbath will be profaned by laying before the people the horrors of war and the diabolism of slavery."

K. Discussion on the subject of his article, is doubtless calculated to do good; but the Bugle is not the place for it. When we took charge of this paper we pledged ourselves to the abolitionists of the country—for all, whether West or East, who are interested in the Disunion movement, have a deep interest in the success of the Bugle—that we would make it an Anti-Slavery paper. Acting in good faith to them, and also in accordance with our own sense of propriety, we have studiously avoided discussion on all subjects but slavery. We attack no man's notions on any other question, and whenever they are alluded to, it is always incidentally, or by way of illustration.

B. M. C. The package is here yet. How shall it be sent?

DEMOCRACY IN THE GRANITE STATE.—The members of the Democratic party are rejoicing in what they call the re-establishment of Democracy in New-Hampshire, where it appears they recently succeeded in electing the Speaker of the House of Representatives by a majority of 13 votes. Such a result a twelvemonth since would have been a very different affair to what it now is. They then staked their hopes of success upon the pro-slavery character of their party. Their devotion to Southern interests was the cause of their defeat. They felt it to be so, and the Democracy of New Hampshire makes a far higher anti-slavery profession in 1847 than it did in 1846. The contemptible part played by Colonel Cilley probably helped them to regain their lost power.

We perceive from an analysis of the votes cast on this occasion, that John Preston who was named as "the abolition candidate" received one vote! From this we necessarily infer one of two things; either that Liberty party's Representatives are reduced from the half dozen or dozen of last year, to one, or else, that they have become so progressive as to vote with the Whigs or Democrats. It is probable however, that some of the more gifted of that party can so explain this little affair as to make it appear a party triumph.

Mr. WEBSTER AND THE BALL.—The Charleston Evening News says: "A friend, alluding to the ball given to this gentleman remarked that it was a reflection on the hospitality of our city, to tell Mr. Webster, as soon as he arrives here, he must take to his heels."

Did not Charleston tell this to the Hon. Samuel Hoar, who went there, not on an intriguing tour for electioneering purposes, but as the representative of a State, demanding Constitutional justice for old Massachusetts?

Aye, and did she not threaten him with a coat of tar and feathers if he did not follow her advice? And yet Massachusetts, like a sick child compelled to take a dose of nauseous medicine, swallows down the insult offered her in the person of Samuel Hoar, and smacks her lips over the sugar plum compliment which Charleston afterward pays to Daniel Webster.

HONOR TO THOMAS CORWIN.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, writing from Mexico, says:

By the way, Hon. Thomas Corwin was burnt in effigy by "a large and respectable convocation" of the boys, a few nights since, with very strong and unequivocal signs of disapprobation. A great many prayers, intended for the honorable Senator's benefit, were put up on the occasion. We are sorry to be compelled to remark that their peculiar character is hit off in a popular little tract entitled "The Swearer's Prayer."

We suppose these "boys" thought as their father, the Devil, could not procure Corwin's body to burn, they, as dutiful children, must burn him in effigy. Poor deluded, misguided fellows! not to know they were thus honoring the man whose name they wished to make infamous.

The Turks on the Advance.—The Sultan has abolished the slave market at Constantinople. He has made a donation of £1,000 to relieve the distresses of Ireland; and recently, at a great levee, his ambassador in London was accompanied by his wife. The name "Turk" may yet become an epithet of refinement, as it has been of cruelty.—*Mass. Spy.*

And the name "Christian" synonymous with barbarity, perfidy and meanness, unless the true followers of Jesus redeem it from the infamy brought upon it by those who have "stolen the livery of the Court of Heaven" to further their own selfish and despotic ends.

## Important Movement! DOINGS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY!!

By a report of the proceedings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (New School,) held at Cincinnati, and published in the Herald of that place, it appears that an important matter had been brought before that body, which was gallantly and gracefully disposed of, as witness the following:

TUESDAY, May 21—9 A. M.

Opening exercises as usual.

Minutes read and approved.

Rev. Mr. ——, on behalf of certain ladies of the city, presented to the Moderator a bouquet of flowers, as a token of respect, and as emblematical of the Eden-like innocence which they trusted the Assembly would have on the religious spirit of the city. The Moderator returned thanks and remarked, that while he received with gratitude the beautiful, fragrant flowers—descendants of those of Eden, he would not forget the equal beauty and the more delicate purity of the daughters of Eve.

We exceedingly regret that the modesty of the reporter did not permit him to give the name of the Reverend gentleman who took so conspicuous a part in this gospel movement; but inasmuch as the work was done, it is perhaps as well to let modest merit dwell, like the violet, in the shadow and retirement of its humble home.

How is it!—The New York Tribune, speaking of the Loco Foco of New Hampshire, says,

"They belong to the Manly school, and treat their principles as they do their *treasures*—when they interfere with their *prospects*, they cut them down!"

What did the Tribune do with its Anti-Slavery and Anti-Mexican war principles the night its office was illuminated in honor of the victories acquired by a slaveholding General at Buena Vista and elsewhere?

The Salem A. S. Sewing Circle will meet at the house of Laura Barnaby to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon.

The Presbyterian General Assembly.

(New School.)—This body met in Cincinnati by adjournment, but owing to a committee of opinion which had sprung up since the last meeting as to the constitutionality of holding such an adjourned meeting, the impression gained ground that no business would probably be done and that the Assembly would only meet to adjourn sine die; but a small number of delegates therefore were in attendance—some sixty or seventy—and but little business of importance transacted. We have seen only imperfect reports of the proceedings, but enough to observe that the subject of slavery was refused to be entertained on the ground that the Assembly had already acted upon it, and that it could only come up on a vote of two-thirds for reconsideration. In the course of the meeting an attempt was made to get the action of the Assembly on a specific point relating to the subject, but the moderator, Dr. Cox, ruled that not only the general subject of slavery, but every thing relating to it was precluded by the above-mentioned action of the house. Against this decision of the chair Mr. Bushnell took an appeal which was negatived by a vote of 25 to 22. The Assembly was only in session three or four days. We notice that a meeting was about to be held in Cincinnati for the formation of an Anti-Slavery Presbyterian Church and a new General Assembly. This movement grows out of the hopelessness, in the view of those who are active in it, of the task of reforming the old body, or making it in any good degree, in the matter of slavery, what it ought to be. We are inclined to think, that the life of the new school body will be found in the church about to be formed.

[Pa. Freeman.]

THE OLD SCHOOL GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—This body met in Richmond, Virginia, and at the last adjourned was still in session. Last year it met in Louisville, Kentucky. It seems to find something congenial to its nature in a slaveholding region. No action has been taken on the subject of slavery, the decision of 1845—which was highly favorable to the slaveholding members of the body—being deemed all sufficient. But the subject has not escaped altogether without notice; but such notice!

It appears that the usual letters were received from the Scotch and Irish General Assemblies—bodies with which the Assembly is in correspondence. These letters were referred without reading to a committee to be answered. When the answers were reported the reading of the original letters was called for, but was refused on the ground that they were not fit to be read before that community. They were full of rank abolition, and it was urged that if they were entertained as far as to be read, a false and injurious impression would be made upon the community in regard to the character of the General Assembly.

The next day, however, the Assembly seemed a little ashamed of the course it had pursued, and deemed it best to have the letters read; but they took care by the comments of individual members to do what was in their power to neutralize their effect. The Irish letter was most severely censured. Use of the words "man-stealers," "robbers," &c., was considered highly indecorous and unchristian. One member thought that this was a most ungrateful return for the general's liberality which had been extended to the starving people of that country. The answer to this letter declined any further discussion of the slavery question in any future correspondence. The letter of the Scotch church (the Free) was considered much more courteous; and great praise was awarded to Drs. Candlish and Duncan for the course they had pursued, and their noble vindication of the character of Southern American Christians. What a compliment! If the faces of those reverend Doctors be not suffused with the crimson of shame when they hear it, it will be because they are past feeling. The answer to this letter intimated no desire to discontinue correspondence on any subject.—*Pa. Freeman.*

## Guerilla War on the Rio Grande.

An attentive correspondent at Camargo has enclosed to us the following order, issued by Canales. It was found upon the Alcalde of Guerrea, who was at the time in company with one of Canales' captains, and in conjunction with him, as we supposed, taking measures to carry it into effect.—Lieut. Bee, of Capt. Lamar's company of rangers, happened to come upon them, arrested them both and brought them to Camargo.—*N. O. Pic.*

FRONTIER BRIGADE OF CAVALRY, I.

Camp in San Augustin, April 4, '47.

This day send to the Adjutant Inspector of the National Guards, the following instructions:

I learn, with the greatest indignation, that the Americans have committed a most horrible massacre at the ranch of Guadalupe. They made prisoners, in their own houses and by the side of their families, twenty-five peaceful men, and immediately shot them. To exped this class of warfare, which is no war, but atrocity in all its fury, there is no other course left us than retaliation; and in order to pursue this method, rendered imperative by the fatal circumstances above mentioned, you will immediately declare martial law, with the understanding that eight days after the publication of the same, every individual who has not taken up arms (being capable of so doing) shall be considered a traitor and instantly shot.

Martial law being in force, you are bound to give no quarters to any American whom you may meet or who may present himself to you, even though he may be without arms. You are also directed to publish this in all the towns in this State, forcibly impressing them with the severe punishment that shall be inflicted for the least omission of this order.

We have arrived at that state in which our country requires the greatest sacrifices; her sons should glory in nothing but to become soldiers, and as brave Mexicans to meet the crisis. Therefore, if the army of invasion continues, and our people remain in the towns which they have molested, they deserve not one ray of sympathy; nor should any one ever cease to make war upon them.

You will send a copy of this to each of your subordinates, and they are authorized to proceed against the chiefs of their squadrons or against their colonels or any other, even against me, for any infraction of this order—the only mode of salvation left.

The enemy wages war against us and even against those peaceable citizens who, actuated by improper impulses, desire to remain quiet in their houses. Even these they kill, without quarter; and this is the greatest favor they may expect from them. The only alternative tells us, under these circumstances, is retaliation, which is the strong right of the offended against the offending. To carry this into effect attach yourself to the authorities. You failing to do this will be considered a crime of the greatest magnitude. All the officers of the troops are directed to assist you in carrying out this order, and it is distinctly understood there shall be no exceptions. Neither the clergy, military citizens or other persons shall enjoy the privilege of remaining peacefully at their homes. The whole of the corporation shall turn out with the citizens, leaving solely as the authority of the town, one of the members who is over the age of sixty years; at the same time, if all the members shall be excepted; leaving to act some one who is incapable of military service. You must be an example to others, by conforming to this requisition. And I send this to you for publication, and charge you to see it executed in every particular; and communicate it also to the commanders of the squadrons in your city, who will aid you in carrying into effect these instructions; and in fact you are directed to do all and everything which your patriotism may prompt—God and Liberty.

ANTONIO CANALES.

From the *True Democrat*.

Who is Responsible?

The New York Tribune publishes a letter from an Ohio correspondent relative to the war, Gen. Taylor, and the Presidency, in reply to which, the editor enters into a argument to prove that Gen. Taylor should not be held accountable for the part he has taken in prosecuting the war, for prostituting his powers and lending his influence to overrun Mexican territory, and kill Mexican men, women, and children. In support of its position, the Tribune draws the following parallel:

"We loathe the judicial infliction of Death by human laws and tribunals; so does our friend the late Whig Sheriff of our city—And yet that friend accepted the office of Sheriff, knowing well that it might and probably would impose on him the duty of executing one or more criminals: he was required to execute one or more, and did it. He might have avoided the necessity, either by declining or by resigning the office, yet did neither. Shall we deem him then, the wilful slayer of those he executed? We say no: the State killed them; those who uphold Capital Punishment killed them—not the Sheriff who, as the chosen minister of the Law, did what the Law enjoined. We think the case of Gen. Taylor and the slayer of the Mexicans not materially different."

It appears that the usual letters were received from the Scotch and Irish General Assemblies—bodies with which the Assembly is in correspondence. These letters were referred without reading to a committee to be answered.

When the answers were reported the reading of the original letters was called for, but was refused on the ground that they were not fit to be read before that community.

They were full of rank abolition, and it was urged that if they were entertained as far as to be read, a false and injurious impression would be made upon the community in regard to the character of the General Assembly.

The next day, however, the Assembly seemed a little ashamed of the course it had pursued, and deemed it best to have the letters read; but they took care by the comments of individual members to do what was in their power to neutralize their effect. The Irish letter was most severely censured.

Use of the words "man-stealers," "robbers," &c., was considered highly indecorous and unchristian. One member thought that this was a most ungrateful return for the general's liberality which had been extended to the starving people of that country.

The answer to this letter declined any further discussion of the slavery question in any future correspondence.

The letter of the Scotch church (the Free) was considered much more courteous; and great praise was awarded to Drs. Candlish and Duncan for the course they had pursued, and their noble vindication of the character of Southern American Christians. What a compliment!

If the faces of those reverend Doctors be not suffused with the crimson of shame when they hear it, it will be because they are past feeling.

The answer to this letter intimated no desire to discontinue correspondence on any subject.—*Pa. Freeman.*

Tribune says he do no wrong! But if he is to bear the guilt! Why, the State, says the Tribune, and those who uphold Capital Punishment. That is, the instigator of crime is to be held alone answerable, and the perpetrator of it to go scot-free. In Law, the accessory to crime is equally responsible with the perpetrator of it, and this principle is founded in good sense and sound morality.

But this was only legal death—only judicial murder—the law authorized it and the Sheriff was the executor of the Law! We have yet to learn that a legal enactment is capable of altering the nature of things and of making wrong right.

True, it may offer immunity to him who carries out its bloody requirements, but it can never absolve him from moral guilt. In this case, the Sheriff voluntarily committed an act which he knew to be wrong, according to the admission of the Tribune, and if he is not the wilful slayer of those he executed, we cannot see who is.

Of course, if he had not accepted the office, and agreed, for so much money, to do so much moral wrong, somebody else would.

Here is exactly where the argument of the Tribune comes at last. That is, if he had refused to do wrong, somebody else would have been found to do it in his stead, and that other person, probably, a lessor, therefore

was it right for him to do wrong.

This same argument has been used from time immemorial, and is very convenient, as in this case; though as here, never very convincing.

We present the Tribune for this *parallel*, because it presents the question at issue, in so simple a shape that all can understand it, and the conclusion drawn from the premises is so palpably erroneous, that no one can fail to detect it. The application to the case of Gen. Taylor, is also easy, and will lead all thinking men, we trust, to the same conclusion as that to which we have arrived, namely, that whoever voluntarily perpetrates a wrong, is himself responsible for it.

The Slave Trade.

The following paragraph is from a late number of the Liverpool Mercury.

"The Cygnet, 6, Commodore P. H. Somerville, arrived at Spithead, on Saturday from the coast of Africa station, where she had been employed during the past three years, aiding in the suppression of the slave trade. She left Sierra Leone on the 19th of February. She has captured 1760 slaves, and 19 vessels, 15 of which were condemned and she has been healthy the whole time she has been upon the coast. The slave trade was going on briskly notwithstanding the vigilance of the cruisers, and it was pretty boldly hinted that the American cruisers favored the slaves. When the Cygnet left, there was lying off Cape Mount a large barque, with the stripes and stars flying, commanded by a daring fellow named Canon. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three decks, capable of carrying 2000 slaves. The Cygnet is the only vessel which has captured a slave on the Sierra Leone station for eighteen months, and she was a rich prize, with 580 persons on board. Letters by the Cygnet enable us to ascertain the date of her capture. This vessel was a most suspicious looking craft, fitted with three

## POETRY.

## SUMMER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

They may boast of the spring-time when flowers are the fairest;  
And birds sing by thousands on every green tree;  
They may call it the loveliest; the greenest, the rarest;  
But the summer's the season that's dearest to me!

For the brightness of sunshine; the depth of the shadows;  
The crystal of waters; the fullness of green;  
And the rich flowery growth of the old pasture meadows;  
In the glory of summer can only be seen.

Oh, the joy of the green-wood! I love to be in it;

And list to the hum of the never-still bees,

To hear the sweet voice of the old mother linnet,

Calling unto her young 'mong the leaves of the trees!

To see the red squirrel frisk hither and thither,

And the water-rat plunging about in his mirth;

And the thousand small lives that the warm summer weather

Calls forth to rejoice on the bountiful earth!

Then the mountains, how fair! to the blue vault of heaven

Towering up in the sunshine, and drinking the light;

While down their deep chasms, all splintered and riven,

Fall the far-gleaming cataracts silvery white!

And there are the flowers that in beauty are glowing

In the garden and fields of the young, merry spring.

Like the mountain-side wilds of the yellow broom blowing,

And the old forest-pride, the red wastes of the ling?

Then the garden, no longer 'tis leafless and chilly,

But warm with the sunshine and bright with the shore,

Of rich flowers, the moss-rose and the bright tiger-lily,

Barbatic in pomp as an Ethiop Queen.

Oh, the beautiful flowers, all colors combining,

The larkspur, the pink, and the sweet magenta,

And the blue flax-de-lis, in the warm sun-light shining

As if grains of gold in its petals were set!

Yes, the summer,—the radiant summer's the fairest,

For green woods and mountains, for meadows and bowers,

For waters, and fruits, and for flowers the rarest,

And for bright shining butterflies, lovely as flowers!

## Our Toiling Brethren.

Be cheerful brethren! We'll toil together, And as we labor on from day to day, We will not murmur, though inclemency weather.

Should for a time our progress stay,

We will not grieve each other with dismay,

Nor with rude gibings wake each other's ire;

But rather strive to smooth life's rugged way,

As on we wander, thirring to aspire

Towards those lovely objects which awaken

The noblest energies of human souls!

Soon as our thoughts the proper course have taken,

Seeking that pleasure which oft controls

Life's stern realities—Heaven will fire each mind

With love for sacred duty—Justice for all mankind.

The least of us has an important part

To act upon the world's still changing state:

We, in the tasks assigned us, must engage

With tireless energy—with honest heart!

We will not write so wildly 'neath the smart

Which stern oppression sometimes makes us feel:

But work into each other's hands, to heal

Each other's sufferings, and cause depart

The ill which now perplex us. On before

There is a land of promise fair and bright;

The toils we've past can trouble us no more;

The present we must learn to use aright!

Forward! still onward, until we reach the goal

Where Tears, and Love, and Luxury, attract the thirring soul!

## What is Death?

The following are said to have been the last lines ever pealed by the lamented William Leggett:

Why, what is Death but Life

In other forms of being?—Life without

The coarse attributes of men, the dull

And monotonous decaying frame which holds

The ethereal spirit in, and binds it down

To brotherhood with brutes! There's no

Such thing as Death; what's so called is but

The beginning of a new existence, a fresh

Negligent in the eternal round of change.

## A Fragment.

Let us so live, that every hour May die as dies the natural flower,

A self-moving thing of power;

That every thoughts, and word, and deed,

May have within itself the seed

Of future good, and future need.

## The Restless Heart.

A millstone and the human heart Are driven ever round;

If they have nothing else to grind,

They must themselves be ground.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Mother's Assistant.

## The Sleigh Ride.

which she had long since relinquished to the younger children.

What a scene did Mary behold! Two children were crouched beside a few sticks of green wood, which they were in vain attempting to kindle; their blue legs and purple arms boasted not even as scanty a covering as the body, with as thin calico. A few potato parings lay upon the hearth, which one seemed greedily chewing:

"What a privilege to be a Christian!"—and Mary, turning suddenly, beheld the skinny arms of a woman extended from a low bed. "Oh, Mr. Lee, I knew God would not forsake us." Tears glistened in her sunken eyes, which were scattered on her forehead, as Mary afterwards declared, seemed like a halo around that dry, withered face, resplendent with the emotions of a thankful heart.

"This severe cold has set in so suddenly, we feared you might be in want, and have come in to help you," said Mr. Lee, kindly, taking the sick woman's hand; "you have been ill again, I am afraid. This is my Mary, Mrs. Jones," and he drew Mary towards the bed.

"God bless you, my dear; God bless you for leaving your warm home to come and see an old one like me," said the woman, in a broken voice, "and you are going to be like your father, finding out the sick and relieving the poor. Oh, Miss Mary, it's your father that deserves himself for his Master's cause. It is not he that spends his money gawgawing; nobody that's suffering can come to him without finding help some way; it's me that knows that, indeed. Yes, it's me," and her voice choked, and she covered her face in silent blessing.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lee was aiding the children's efforts about the fire.

"We've got on four potatoes, sir," said one as in disappointment he thrust his fingers into the pile of cold ashes. "Oh, sir, don't you think they will roast to-day?" and turned his peaked, disquieted face up to Mr. Lee, when I have learned like a parrot, all the infections of my master—imitated his gestures like a monkey—acquired his peculiar cadences—his notions of the sense of a phrase, and studied pauses, and rests, and punctuation—in short, when I have played the pup till I am tired, and run down like a clock wound up to go for a certain time, he departs, and I am equipped for rehearsal at the theatre.

"The theatre! You never saw a theatre in the day-time! If you knew what it is without an audience, without lights—excepting some four or five dirty lamps, which emit more smoke than light—with a manager, who is old, and makes love (which is worse) if he is old, and makes love (which is worse) if he is young, you would compare it to a vast empty tomb. Well; I get to this accursed place, where I am doomed to hear coarse pleasantries regarding the mothers of actresses, compliments to my beauty, which even make me blush through my rouge, and am witness of scenes which display all the foul passions of the human heart in full activity. If the author whose piece we may be rehearsing, enjoys but little celebrity, he appears humble and submissive. He generally carries a small box, and offers a punch to the actors. If he wishes to hint a fault, he does it with some contrite air, that you would suppose him the culprit. On the other hand, should the author stand high in public esteem, he is offensively proud and despective; the actors then conciliate him with their snuff, servilely petition for good parts, and even ask him for advice. Then, the authors themselves are so ridiculous jealous of each other, that you would fancy they were rival sultanas of the same seraglio.

"Talk of poetry, illusion, art!—the art of the actor is a chimera, poetry is non-existent, and the illusion is a transparent absurdity.

The whole thing is prosoal to a degree, and the traffic which springs from it is the most mercenary and most ignoble you can conceive. Authors steal from each other, or associate for the sake of getting a few ideas.

Actors buy each other's parts—yes, I actually hear them say to each other, "You have some good points in your part—sell them to me!" and they are sold accordingly, if the poverty or cupidity of the seller is greater than his ambition. And the author is made unconsciously a party to the traffic, for he is required to fit to the one part the line originally intended for another; and a perfect mish-mash is the result of the commerce. Oh! it is a sad tale of quarrels and intrigues, this same actor's life.

"After rehearsal in the large, cold dark theatre, I go home to my little room, and there I resume my studies, or have to try on a dress and practise moving about in it before the glass, that I may not tread on my train, or comport myself awkwardly. If you were to see me all velvet and spangles, advancing, retiring, and making all sorts of gestures before my Psyche, you would laugh immoderately at your poor cousin—while I cry my eyes out at the absurd display. There am I obliged to be learning to smile without showing my teeth, which unfortunately are not good—practising salutations, indiginations, fainting fits, ardent passion—and all other kinds of mummery.

"The day fixed on for my debut is near at hand. My dress is quite ready—it is a wedding dress, as it were, for I am about to marry my future lord and master—a husband a thousand times more peevish, brutal, whimsical, arbitrary, jealous and impracticable than any individual in the world—The Public!

"I tremble to appear in the presence of the Executive, she resolved to see the Governor herself, hoping by a disclosure of the best known to the prisoner's family, his pardon might be obtained. Twice she journeyed to Albany without gaining the object in view. A third time she left home with a determination never to revisit that spot unless she could be the messenger of her father's pardon.

"After rehearsal in the large, cold dark theatre, I go home to my little room, and there I resume my studies, or have to try on a dress and practise moving about in it before the glass, that I may not tread on my train, or comport myself awkwardly. If you were to see me all velvet and spangles, advancing, retiring, and making all sorts of gestures before my Psyche, you would laugh immoderately at your poor cousin—while I cry my eyes out at the absurd display. There am I obliged to be learning to smile without showing my teeth, which unfortunately are not good—practising salutations, indiginations, fainting fits, ardent passion—and all other kinds of mummery.

"The day fixed on for my debut is near at hand. My dress is quite ready—it is a wedding dress, as it were, for I am about to marry my future lord and master—a husband a thousand times more peevish, brutal, whimsical, arbitrary, jealous and impracticable than any individual in the world—The Public!

"I tremble to appear in the presence of the Executive, she resolved to see the Governor herself, hoping by a disclosure of the best known to the prisoner's family, his pardon might be obtained. Twice she journeyed to Albany without gaining the object in view. A third time she left home with a determination never to revisit that spot unless she could be the messenger of her father's pardon.

"After rehearsal in the large, cold dark theatre, I go home to my little room, and there I resume my studies, or have to try on a dress and practise moving about in it before the glass, that I may not tread on my train, or comport myself awkwardly. If you were to see me all velvet and spangles, advancing, retiring, and making all sorts of gestures before my Psyche, you would laugh immoderately at your poor cousin—while I cry my eyes out at the absurd display. There am I obliged to be learning to smile without showing my teeth, which unfortunately are not good—practising salutations, indiginations, fainting fits, ardent passion—and all other kinds of mummery.

"The day fixed on for my debut is near at hand. My dress is quite ready—it is a wedding dress, as it were, for I am about to marry my future lord and master—a husband a thousand times more peevish, brutal, whimsical, arbitrary, jealous and impracticable than any individual in the world—The Public!

"I tremble to appear in the presence of the Executive, she resolved to see the Governor herself, hoping by a disclosure of the best known to the prisoner's family, his pardon might be obtained. Twice she journeyed to Albany without gaining the object in view. A third time she left home with a determination never to revisit that spot unless she could be the messenger of her father's pardon.

"After rehearsal in the large, cold dark theatre, I go home to my little room, and there I resume my studies, or have to try on a dress and practise moving about in it before the glass, that I may not tread on my train, or comport myself awkwardly. If you were to see me all velvet and spangles, advancing, retiring, and making all sorts of gestures before my Psyche, you would laugh immoderately at your poor cousin—while I cry my eyes out at the absurd display. There am I obliged to be learning to smile without showing my teeth, which unfortunately are not good—practising salutations, indiginations, fainting fits, ardent passion—and all other kinds of mummery.

"The day fixed on for my debut is near at hand. My dress is quite ready—it is a wedding dress, as it were, for I am about to marry my future lord and master—a husband a thousand times more peevish, brutal, whimsical, arbitrary, jealous and impracticable than any individual in the world—The Public!

"I tremble to appear in the presence of the Executive, she resolved to see the Governor herself, hoping by a disclosure of the best known to the prisoner's family, his pardon might be obtained. Twice she journeyed to Albany without gaining the object in view. A third time she left home with a determination never to revisit that spot unless she could be the messenger of her father's pardon.

"After rehearsal in the large, cold dark theatre, I go home to my little room, and there I resume my studies, or have to try on a dress and practise moving about in it before the glass, that I may not tread on my train, or comport myself awkwardly. If you were to see me all velvet and spangles, advancing, retiring, and making all sorts of gestures before my Psyche, you would laugh immoderately at your poor cousin—while I cry my eyes out at the absurd display. There am I obliged to be learning to smile without showing my teeth, which unfortunately are not good—practising salutations, indiginations, fainting fits, ardent passion—and all other kinds of mummery.

"The day fixed on for my debut is near at hand. My dress is quite ready—it is a wedding dress, as it were, for I am about to marry my future lord and master—a husband a thousand times more peevish, brutal, whimsical, arbitrary, jealous and impracticable than any individual in the world—The Public!

"I tremble to appear in the presence of the Executive, she resolved to see the Governor herself, hoping by a disclosure of the best known to the prisoner's family, his pardon might be obtained. Twice she journeyed to Albany without gaining the object in view. A third time she left home with a determination never to revisit that spot unless she could be the messenger of her father's pardon.

"After rehearsal in the large, cold dark theatre, I go home to my little room, and there I resume my studies, or have to try on a dress and practise moving about in it before the glass, that I may not tread on my train, or comport myself awkwardly. If you were to see me all velvet and spangles, advancing, retiring, and making all sorts of gestures before my Psyche, you would laugh immoderately at your poor cousin—while I cry my eyes out at the absurd display. There am I obliged to be learning to smile without showing my teeth, which unfortunately are not good—practising salutations, indiginations, fainting fits, ardent passion—and all other kinds of mummery.

"The day fixed on for my debut is near at hand. My dress is quite ready—it is a wedding dress, as it were, for I am about to marry my future lord and master—a husband a thousand times more peevish, brutal, whimsical, arbitrary, jealous and impracticable than any individual in the world—The Public!

"I tremble to appear in the presence of the Executive, she resolved to see the Governor herself, hoping by a disclosure of the best known to the prisoner's family, his pardon might be obtained. Twice she journeyed to Albany without gaining the object in view. A third time she left home with a determination never to revisit that spot unless she could be the messenger of her father's pardon.

"After rehearsal in the large, cold dark theatre, I go home to my little room, and there I resume my studies, or have to try on a dress and practise moving about in it before the glass, that I may not tread on my train, or comport myself awkwardly. If you were to see me all velvet and spangles, advancing, retiring, and making all sorts of gestures before my Psyche, you would laugh immoderately at your poor cousin—while I cry my eyes out at the absurd display. There am I obliged to be learning to smile without showing my teeth, which unfortunately are not good—practising salutations, indiginations, fainting fits, ardent passion—and all other kinds of mummery.

"The day fixed on for my debut is near at hand. My dress is quite ready—it is a wedding dress, as it were, for I am about to marry my future lord and master—a husband a thousand times more peevish, brutal, whimsical, arbitrary, jealous and impracticable than any individual in the world—The Public!